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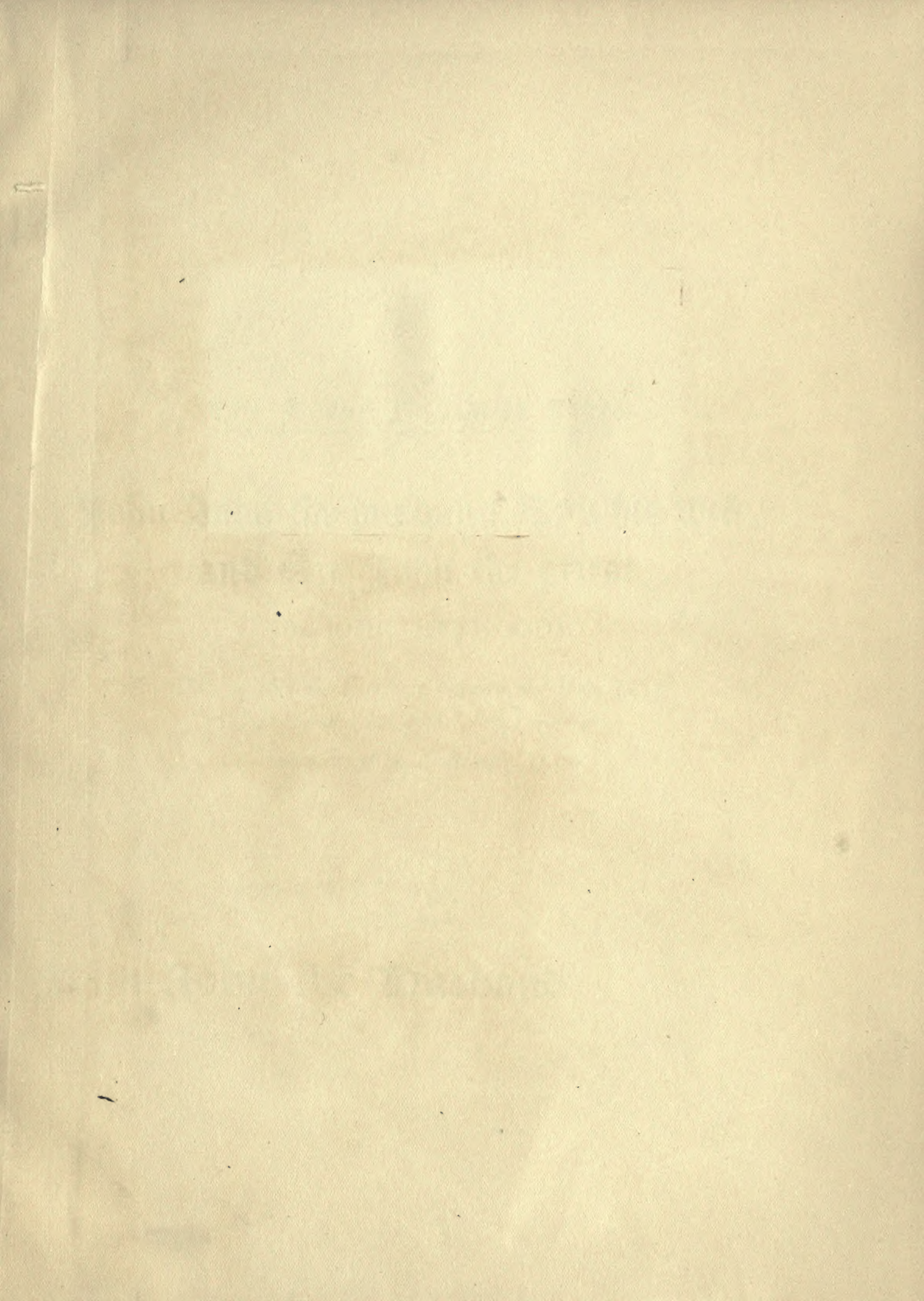
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

John John the husband, Tyb his wife,
and Sir John the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1533

[Pepys Collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909



John John the Husband

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

John John the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir John the priest

[BY JOHN HEYWOOD]

1533



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GENERAL

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Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir Ihān the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

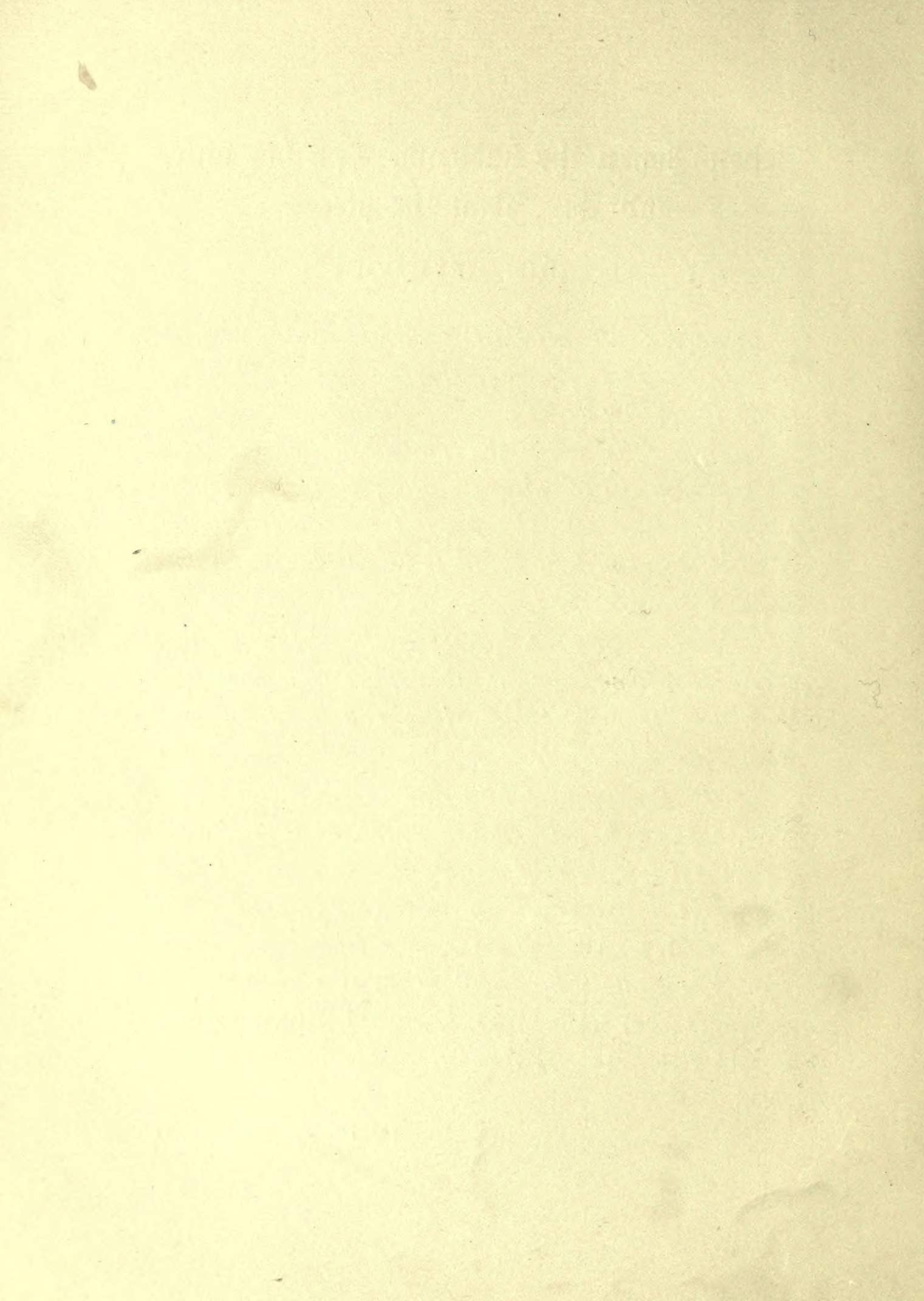
This is another of the plays attributed, with some show of reason, to John Heywood, though there is no absolute certainty in the matter.


The copy from which this facsimile is taken is in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and has been reproduced through the courtesy of the College authorities. Only one other example is known to be extant: this is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

The year of printing appears in the colophon under the signature of William Rastell, the judge, a nephew on his mother's side of Sir Thomas More, and a brother-in-law of John Heywood himself.

Mr. R. B. Fleming reports that, in comparison with the original, the printing and general appearance of this facsimile is of the usual satisfactory character. The only specific "faults" occur through the "rustiness" of the original; as, for example, the blots on A. i. recto and verso, these being rather too dark in tint. The corner "mendings" on A. ii. verso are likewise slightly too heavy; while on B. i. and B. iii., in each case recto and verso, the type shows through very strongly in the original.


JOHN S. FARMER.





A mery play

betwene Johan Johan the
husbande / & his
wyfe / & s^r Ihan
the priest.



I Johan Johan the husbande.
God spede you maysters euerychone
Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone
I pray god the dyuell take her
For all that I do I can not make her
But she wyll go a gaddinge very myche
Like an Anthony ppg with an olde wyche
Whiche sedeth her about hyther and thither
But by our lady I wote not whyther
But by gogol blod / Were she come home
Vnto this my house / by our lady of crome
I wolde bete her or that I drynke
Bete her qd a : yea that she shall synke
And at euery stroke lay her on the grounde
And trapne her by the here about the house rounde
I am eyn mad that I bete her not now
But I shall rewarde her hardly well pnow
There is neuer a wyfe betwene heuen and hell
Whiche was euer beten halfe so well
Beten qd a : yea but what and she therof dye
Than I may chaunce to be hanged shortly
And whan I haue beten her tyll she smoke
And gyven her many a .v. stroke
Thynke ye that she wyll amende yet
Nay by our lady the deuyll spede wyte
Therefore I wyll not bete her at all
And shall I not bete her / no shall
A.i.

Whan she offendeth and doth a mys
And kepeth not her house/as her duetie is
Shall I not bete her if she do so
Yes by cokke blood that shall I do
I shall bete her and thwack her I trov
That she shall beshyte the house for very wo
But yet I thynk what my neyboure wyll say than
He wyll say thus/Whom chyddest y Johan Johan
Mary wyll I say/I chydde my curst wyfe
The verpest drab that euer bare lyfe
Whiche doth nothyng but go and come
And I can not make her kepe her at home
Than I thynke he wyll say by and by
Walke her cote Johan Johan/and bete her hardely
But than vnto hym myn answere shalbe
The more I bete her the worse is she
And wors and wors make her I shall
He wyll say than/bete her not at all
And why shall I say/this wolde be wyft
Is she not myne to chastice as I lyst
But this is a nother popnt/worst of all
The folke wyll mocke me/Whan they here me brall
But for all that shall I let therfore
To chastyce my wyfe euer the more
And to make her at home for to tary
Is not that well done/yes by saynt mary
That is a popnt of an honest man
for to bete his wyfe well now and than
Therefore I shall bete her/haue ye no drede
And I ought to bete her tyll she be starke dede
And why by god bicause it is my pleasure
And if I shulde suffre her/I make you sure
Nought shulde puaile me / nother stasse nor waster
Within a whyle she wolde be my master
Therefore I shall bete her by cokkes mother
Both on the one syde and on the tother
Before and behynde/nought shall be her bote
from the top of the heed/to the sole of the fote
But masters for godde sake do not entrete
for her/Whan that she shalbe bete
But for godde passion let me alone
And I shall thwack her that she shall grone
Wherefore I beseeche you and hartely you pray
And I beseeche you say me not nay

But that I may beate her for this ones
 And I shall beate her by cokkes bones
 That she shall stryke lyke a pole kat
 But yet by gogag body that nede nat
 for she wyll stryke without any betyng
 for euery nyght ones she gyueth me an hetyng
 from her issueth suche a strykyng smoke
 That the sauour therof almost doth me choke
 But I shall bete her now without fayle
 I shall bete her toppe and taple
 Deed/shoulders/ armes/ legges/ and all
 I shall bete her I trove that I shall
 And by gogag boddy I tell you trewe
 I shall bete her tyll she be blacke and blewe
 But where the dyuell trove ye she is gon
 I holde a noble she is with syr Johan
 I fere I am begyled at way
 But yet in fayth I hope well nay
 Yet I almost enrage that I ne can
 Se the behauour of our gentyl woman
 And yet I thynke thither as she doth go
 Many an honest wyfe goth thither also
 for to make some pastyme and spote
 But than my wyfe so ofte doth thither resorte
 That I fere she wyll make me weare a fether
 But yet I nede not for to fere nether
 for he is her gossyp that is he
 But abyde a whyle yet let me se
 Where the dyuell hath our gossyp begon
 My wyfe had neuer chyldre doughter nor son
 Nowe if I forbode her that she go no more
 Yet wyll she go as she dyd before
 Drels wyll she chuse some other place
 And then the matter is in as pll case
 But in fayth all these wordes be in wast
 for I thynke the matter is done and past
 And whan she cometh home she wyll begyn to chyd
 But she shall haue her payment stryke by her syde
 for I shall order her for all her bradlyng
 Trb. That she shall repent to go a catter wadlyng
 Than Why whom wyllst thou beate I say thou lmaue
 Trb. Who I Trb/ none so god me saue
 Than. Yes I harde the say thou woldest one bete
 Mary wyfe it was stokys she in temmes strete

Whiche wylt be good meate agaynst lent
 Whytys what haddest y thought y I had ment
Tryb. **C**arry me thought I harde the badwylng
 Wylt thou neuer leue this badwylng
 Howe the dyuell dost thou thy selfe kehaue
 Shalt we ever haue this worke thou knaue
Jhan. **C**What wyse/howe sayst y/was it well gest of me
 That thou woldest be come home in safete
 Assone as I had bendled a fyre
 Come warme the swete tryb I the requyre
Tryb. **C**O Johan Johan/I am asrayd by this lyght
 That I shalbe sore sly this nyght
Jhan. **C**By cokke soule/no we I dare say as wan
 That she comes no we streyght fro sry Johan
 For ever whan she hath fatched of hym a sly
 Than she comes home/and sayth she is sly
Tryb. **C**What sayst thou. J. Carry I say
 It is mete for a woman to go play
 Abrode in the towne for an houre or two
Tryb. **C**Well gentylman/go to go to
Jhan. **C**Well let vs haue no more debate
Tryb. **C**If he do not fpyght/chyde/and rate
 Draule and fare/as one that were frantylke
 There is nothpyng that may hym lyke
Jhan. **C**If that the paryshe preest sry Johan
 Dyd not se her no we and than
 And gyue her absolution vpon a bed
 For wo and payne/she wolde sone be deed
Tryb. **C**For godds sake Jhan Johan/do the not displease
 Many a tyme I am yll at ease
 What thynkest no we/can not I somwhat sly
Jhan. **C**No we wolde to god and swete saynt Dpyth
 That thou warte in the water vp to the throte
 Or in a burnyng ouen red hote
 To se and I wolde pull the out
Tryb. **C**No we Johan Johan/to put the out of dout
 Imagyn thou whete that I was
 Before I came home. J. My pease
 Thou wast prayenge in the church of poules
 Vpon thy knees for all chrysten soules
Tryb. **C**Ray. J. **C**Than if thou wast not so holy
 She we me where thou wast/and make no lye
Tryb. **C**Truely Johan Johan we made a pre
 I and my gossyp Margery



And our gossyp the preeft spr Johan
 And my neybours pongest doughter An
 The preeft payde for the stufte and the mahpnyng
 And Margery she payde for the bakpnyng
 Jhan. **By** hokke lytly wounde that same is she
 That is the most badde henge to Couentre
 Tpb. **What** say you. J. **Mary** answere me to this
 Is not spr Johan a good man/yes that he is
 Jhan. **Da** Tpb/if I shulde not greue the
 I haue somwhat wherof I wolde meue the
 Tpb. **Well** husbände/no we I do coniect
 That thou hast me somwhat in suspect
 But by my soule/I neuer go to spr Johan
 But I spynde hym lyke an holy man
 For eyther he is sapenge his deuotion
 Or els he is gorynge in pcesspon
 Jhan. **Yea** rounde about the bed doth he go
 you two to gether and no mo
 And for to synysse the pcesspon
 He lepeyth vp and thou speest do wne
 Tpb. **What** sayst thou. J. **Mary** I say he doth well
 for so ought a shepherde to do/as I harde tell
 for the saluation of all his folde
 Tpb. **Johan** Johan. **What** is it that thou wolde
 Tpb. **By** my soule I loue the too too
 And I shall tell the or I further go
 The ppe that was made/I haue it no we here
 And therewith I trust we shall make good chere
 Jhan. **By** hokke body that is very happy
 Tpb. **But** watest who gaue it. J. **What** y dyuel rek I
 Tpb. **By** my sayth and I shall say tre we than
 The dyuell take me and it were not spr Johan
 Jhan. **Hold** the peas wyse/and swere no more
 But I besyre we both pour hartes therfore
 Tpb. **Yet** paduerture thou hast suspection
 Of that that was neuer thought nor done
 Jhan. **Tusse** wyse/let all suche matters be
 I loue the well though thou loue not me
 But this ppe doth no we cathe harme
 Let vs set it vpon the harth to warme
 Tpb. **Than** let vs eate it as fast as we can
 But bycause spr Johan is so honest a man
 I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part
 Tpb. **That** were reason I the ensure
 Jhan. **Than** spns that it is thy pleasure

I pray the than go to hym ryght
 And pray hym come sup With vs to nyght
Jhan. **C**hall he cū hyther/by hokke soule I was a curst
 Whan that I graunted to that worde furst
 But syns I haue sayd it/ I dare not say nay
 for than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray
 But whan he is come/ I were by godde mother
 I wold gyue the dyuell þ tone to cary away þ tother.
Tryb. **C**What sayst. **Jd.** **C**Wary he is my curate I say.
 My confessor and my frende alway
 Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by
 And tyll thou come agayne I wyl kepe the pry
Tryb. **C**hall I go for hym : nay I shewe me than
 So thou and seke as fast as thou can
 And tell hym it. **J.** **C**hall I do so
 In sayth it is not mete for me to go
Tryb. **C**But thou shalte go tell hym for all that
Jhan. **C**han shall I tell hym wotest what
 That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere
Tryb. **C**Nay that thou desyrest hym to come sup here
Jhan. **C**Nay by the rode wyfe/ þ shalt haue the worshyp
 And the thankes of thy gest that is thy gossyp
Tryb. **C**full ofte I se my husbande wyl me rate
 for this hether comynge of our gentyl curate
Jhan. **C**What sayst **Tryb.**/let me here that agayne
Tryb. **C**Wary I perceyue very playne
 That thou hast s^r Johan somwhat insuspect
 But by my soule as far as I coniect
 He is vertuose and full of charyte
Jhan. **C**In sayth all the to wne knoweth better that he
 Is a hore monger/a haunter of the stedes
 An ypocrite/a knaue/that all men refuse
 A lyer/a wretche/a maker of stryfe
 Better than they knowe that thou art my good wyfe
Tryb. **C**What is that that thou hast sayde
Jhan. **C**Wary I wolde haue the table set and layde
 In this place or that I care not whether
Tryb. **C**han go to bynge the trestels hyther
Jhan. **C**Abide a whyle/let me put of my gown
 But yet I am asfayde to lay it down
 for I feere it shalbe sone stolen
 And yet it may lye safe ynough vnstolen
 It may lye well here and I lyst
 But by cokke soule here hath a dogge yst

And if I shulde lay it on the hartsh bare
 It myght hap to be burned or I were ware
 Therefore I pray you take ye the payne
 To kepe my goode tyll I come agayne
Jhān. But yet he shall not haue it by my say
 He is so nere the dore he myght run away
 But bycause that ye be trusty and sure
 Ye shall kepe it and it be your pleasure
 And bycause it is arayde at the shyrt
 Whyle ye do nothyng skrape of the dyrt
Tryb. Nowe am I redy to go to s^r Johan
 And byd hym come as fast as he can
Jhān. Ye do so without ony tarpeng
 But I say hark/ thou hast forgot one thyng
 Set vp the table/ and that by and by
 Nowe go thy ways I. **I** go shortly
 But se your candellstyk be not out of the way
Tryb. Come agayne and lay the table I say
 What me thynt^e ye haue sone don
Jhān. Nowe I pray god that his malediction
 Lyght on my wyfe/ and on the haude preest
Tryb. Nowe go thy ways and hve the/ seest
Jhān. I pray to Christ/ if my wyfe be no synne
 That y^e preest may breke his neck whan he comes in
Tryb. Nowe cū agayn. I. What a myschefe wylt y^e sole
Tryb. Mary I say bynge hether yender stole
Jhān. Nowe go to/ a lyttell wolde make me
 for to say thus/ a vengauce take the
Tryb. Nowe go to hym and tell hym playn
 That tyll thou bynge hym/ y^e wylt not come agayn
Jhān. This ppe doth borne here as it doth stande
Tryb. So waske me these two cuppes in my hande
Jhān. I go with a myschefe lyght on thy face
Tryb. So and byd hym hve hym a pace
 And the whyle I shall all thynges amende
Jhān. This ppe burneth here at this ende
 Understandest thou. **T.** So thy ways I say
Jhān. I wyl go nowe as fast as I may
Tryb. Nowe come ones agayne/ I had forgot
 Loke and there be ony ale in the pot
Jhān. Nowe a vengauce and a very myschefe
 Lyght on the pylde preest/ and on my wyfe
 On the pot/ the ale/ and on the table
 The candyll/ the ppe/ and all the table

On the trystels and on the stole
 It is moche ado to please a curst fole
Tryb. **C** So thy wyfe no we and tary no more
 for I am a hungred very sore
Jhan. **C** Mary I go. **C** T. but come ones agayne yet
 Dyrnge hyther that breade lest I forget it
Jhan. **C** I wys it were tyme for to torne
 The pye / for wys it doth borne
Tryb. **C** Lorde ho we my husbände no we doth patter
 And of the pye styf doth clatter
 Go no we and byd hym come a way
 I haue byd the an hundred tymes to day
Jhan. **C** I wyll not gve a strawe I tell you playne
 If that the pye waxe colde agayne
Tryb. **C** What art thou not gone yet out of this place
 I had went thou haddest ben come agayne in þ space
 But by cokke soule and I shulde do the ryght
 I shulde breke thy knaues heed to nyght
Jhan. **C** Nay than if my wyfe be set a chydnyng
 It is tyme for me to go at her. byddnyng
 There is a prouerbe / whiche trewe no we preueth
 We must nedes go that the dyuell dyueth
C God mayster curate may I come in
 At your chamber dore without ony syn
C Syr Johan the prest.
C Who is there no we that wolde haue me
 What Johan Johan / what nedes with the
Jhan. **C** Mary syr to tell you shortly
 My wyfe and I pray you hartely
 And eke desyre you with all our myght
 That ye wolde come and sup with vs to nyght
Syr. J. **C** Ye must pardon me / in fapth I ne can
Jhan. **C** Yes I desyre you good syr Johan
 Take payne this ones / and yet at the lest
 If ye wyll do nought at my request
 Yet do somwhat for the loue of my wyfe
Syr. J. **C** I wyll not go for maknyng of stryfe
 But I shall tell the what thou shalte do
 Thou shalt tary and sup with me or thou go
Jhan. **C** Wyll ye not go than / why so
 I pray you tell me / is there any dysdayne
 Or ony ennyte betwene you twayne
Syr. J. **C** In fapth to tell the betwene the and me
 She is as wyfe a woman as any may be

I know it well/for I haue had the charge
Of her soule/and seerchyd her consprins at large
I neuer knew her/But honest and wyse
Without any pynll/or any wyse
Haue one fault/I know in her no more
And because I rebuke her/now and then therfore
She is angry with me/and hath me in hate
And yet that that I do/I do it for your welth

Jhan. ¶ Now god yeld it god/god master curate
And as ye do/so send you your helth
Wyse I am bound to you a plesure

Spr. J. ¶ Yet thou thynkyst amys peradventure
That of her body she shuld not be a good woman
But I shall tell the what I haue done Johan
For that matter/she and I be somtyme aloft
And I do lye vpon her/manys a tyme and oft
To proue her/yet could I neuer espy
That euer any/dyd woe with her than I

Jhan. ¶ Hys that is the best care I haue of myne
Thankyd be god/and your good doctryne
But yf it please you/tell me the matter
And the debate betwene you and her

Spr. J. ¶ I shall tell the/But thou must kepe secret

Jhan. ¶ As for that Spr. J. shall not let

Spr. J. ¶ I shall tell the now/the matter playn
She is angry with me/and hath me in dysdayn
Because that I/do her oft intyce
To do some penance/after myne aduise
Because she/wyll neuer leue her brawdlyng
But alway with the/she is chydnyng and brawdlyng
And therfore I knowe/she hateth me presens

Jhan. ¶ Nay in good feyth/sauryng your reuerens

Spr. J. ¶ I know very well she hath me in hate

Jhan. ¶ Nay/I dare swere for her master curate
But was I not a very knaue
I thought surely/so god me saue
That he had souyd my wyse/for to dysserue me
And now he quyteth hym self/and here I se
He doth as much/as he may for his lyfe
To stynt the debate/betwene me and my wyse

Spr. J. ¶ If euer she dyd or thought me any yll
Now I forgyue her with me fre wyll
Therfore Johan Johan/now get the home
And thank thy wyse/and say I wyll not come

Jhan. Yet let me know now good s^r Johan
Where ye wyl go to supper than

s^r. J. I care nat greatly/ and I tell the
On saterday last/ I and .ii. or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together
And one of them sayd he wolde brynge thether
Ale and bread/ and for my parte I
Sayd that I wolde geue them a ppe
And there I gaue them money for the makynge
And an other sayd she wolde pay for the bakynge
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dyspue away care and thought

Jhan. Than I pray you s^r tell me here
Whither shulde all this grace be brought

s^r. J. By my sayth and I shulde not lye
It shulde be despycted to thy wyfe the ppe

Jhan. By god it is at my house standyng by the fyre

s^r. J. Who bespake that ppe/ I the requyre

Jhan. By my sayth and I shall not lye
It was my wyfe and her gossyp Margerye
And your good masshyr/ called s^r Johan
And my neybours pongest daughter An
Your masshyr payde for the stuffe and makynge
And Margerye she payde for the bakynge

s^r. J. If thou wylte haue me now/ in faith I wyl go

Jhan. Ye may I beseeche your masshyr do so
My wyfe tarpeth for none but vs twayne
She thynketh longe or I come agayne

s^r. J. Well now/ if she chyde me in thy presens

I wyl be content and take in pacyng

Jhan. By cokke soule and she ones chyde

Or fro wne/ or soure/ or soke asped

I shall brynge you a staffe as myche as I may heue

Than bete her and spare not/ I geue you good leue

To chastise her for her shreude vapyng

Tyb. The deuyll take the for thy longe tarpeng

Here is not a whyt of water by my godwne

To washe our hande/ that we myght s^r do wne

Go and hve the as fast as a snaple

And with saynt water fyll me this payle

Jhan. I thanke our lord of his good grace

That I can not rest longe in a place

Tryb. **C**Go fetch water I say at a worde
 for it is tyme the ppe were on the borde
 And go with a vengeance/ & say thou art prayde
Spr. J. **C**A good gossyp/ is that well sayde
Tryb. **C**Welcome myn owne swete harte
 We shall make some chere or we departe
Jhan. **C**Cokke soule/ loke howe he approcheth nere
 Unto my wyfe/ this abateth my chere
Spr. J. **C**By god I wolde ye had harde the tryfles
 The toyes/ the mockes/ the fables/ and the nyfles
 That I made thy husbade to beleue and thynke
 Thou myghtest as well in to the erthe synke
 As thou coudest forbear laughyng any wyple
Tryb. **C**I pray the let me here parte of that wyple
Spr. J. **C**Mary I shall tell the as fast as I can
 But peas no more/ ponder cometh thy good man
Jhan. **C**Cokke soule/ what haue we here
 As far as I sawe/ he drewe very nere
 Unto my wyfe. **T.** What art come so sone
 Spue vs water to dasse he now/ haue done
CThan he byngeth the payle empty
Jhan. **C**By hockes soule it was euen now full to þ bynk
 But it was out agayne or I coude thynke
 Wherof I marueled by god almyght
 And than I looked betwene me and the lycht
 And I spyed a clyfte/ bothe large and wyde
 So wyfe/ here it is on the tone syde
Tryb. **C**Why dost not stop it. **J.** **C**Why howe shall I do it
Tryb. **C**Take a lytle wax. **J.** **C**Howe shal I come to it
Spr. J. **C**Mary here be. ii. wax candyles I say
 Whiche my gossyp margery gaue me yester day
Tryb. **C**Tusse let hym alone/ for by the rode
 It is ppte to helpe hym or do hym good
Spr. J. **C**What Jhan Jhan/ canst thou make no shifte
 Take this waxe and stop ther with the clyfte
Jhan. **C**This waxe is as harde as any wyre
Tryb. **C**Thou must chafe it a lytle at the fyre
Jhan. **C**She þ broughte the these waxe candelles twayne
 She is a good companon certayn
Tryb. **C**What was it not my gossyp margery
Spr. J. **C**Yes she is a blessed woman surely
Tryb. **C**Nowe wolde god I were as good as she
 for she is vertuous and full of charyte
Jhan. **C**Nowe so god helpe me/ and by my holydome

She is the errantst haubt betwene this and Rome
Trb. What sayst. **J.** Mary I chafe the wax
 And I chafe it so hard/that my fyngers brakke
 But take vp this pye/that I here torne
 And it stand long/ & wyse it wyll borne
Trb. O ye but thou must chafe the wax I say
Jhan. O wyd hym spt do wñ I the pray
 Spt do wñ good spt Johan/ I you requyre
Trb. O so I say and chafe the wax by the fyre
 Whyle that we sup/ spt Jhan and I
Jhan. And how now/ what wyll ye do with the pye
 Shall I not ete therof/ a morsell
Trb. O so and chafe the wax/ whyle thou art well
 And let vs haue no more pratyng thus
spt. J. Benedicite. **J.** Dominus.
Trb. Now go chafe the wax with a myschryse
Jhan. What I come to blysse the bord/ swete wyse
 It is my custome now and than
 Wyth good do it you/ master spt Jhan
Trb. O so chafe the wax/ and here no senger tarp
Jhan. And is not this a very purgatory
 To se folk ete/ and may not ete a bpt
 By hokke soule/ I am a very wodcok
 This payle here/ now a vengauce take it
 Now my wyse gyueth me a proude mok
Trb. What dost. **J.** Mary I chafe the wax here
 And I ymagyn/ to make you good chere
 That a vengauce take you/ both as ye spt
 For I know well/ I shall not ete a bpt
 But yet in feryth/ yf I myght ete one morsell
 I wold thynk the matter went very well
spt. J. Gossyp Jhan Jhan/ now nupth good do it you
 What chere make you/ thert by the fyre
Jhan. Master yson/ I thank you now
 I fare well now/ after myne own desyre
spt. J. What dost Jhan Jhan/ I the requyre
Jhan. I chafe the wax here by the fyre
Trb. Here is good drynk/ and here is a good pye
spt. J. We fare very well/ thankyd be our lady
Trb. O loke how the hokold chafyth the wax that is hard
 And for his lyfe/ daryth not loke hether ward
spt. J. What doth my gossyp. **J.** I chafe the wax
 And I chafe it so hard/ that my fyngers brakke
 And eke the smoke/ putteth out my eyes two

I burne my face/and ray my clothys also
And yet I dare nat say one word

And they sprt laughynge/pender at the word

Tryb. **C**Now by my trouth/it is a pretty Jape
for a wyfe/to make her husband her ape
Loke of Jhan Jhan/which maketh hard shypst
To chafe the wax/to stop therewith the clyft

Jhan. **C**Ye that a vengeance/take ye both two
Both hym and the/and the and hym also
And that ye may choke/with the same mete
At the furst murself/that ye do ete

Tryb. **C**Of what thyng now dost thou clatter
Jhan Jhan/or wherof dost thou patter

Jhan. **C**I chafe the wax/and make hard shypst
To stop her with/of the papill the ryft

Tryb. **C**How must he do Jhan Jhan/by my father hym
That is bound of wedlok in the yoke

Jhan. **C**Loke how the pyls preest crammyth in
That wold to god/he myght therewith choke

Tryb. **C**Now master yson/pleaseth your goodnes
To tell vs some tale/of myrth or sadnes
for our pastyme/in way of communicacyon

Tryb. **C**I am content to do it/for our recreacyon
And of .iii. myracles I shall to you say

Jhan. **C**What/must I chafe the wax all day
And stond here/rostryng by the spere

Tryb. **C**Thou must do somewhat at thy wyues desyre
CI know a man which weddys had a wyfe
As fayre a woman/as euer bare lyfe
And within a senyght after/ryght sone
He went beyondse/and left her alone
And tarped there/about a .vii. yere
And as he cam home ward/he had a heuy chere
for it was told hym/that she was in heuen
But when that he comen home agayn was
He found his wyfe/and with her chyldren seuen
Whiche she had had/in the mene space
Yet had she not had/so many by thre
Yf she had not had the help of me
Is not this a myracle/yf euer were any
That this good wyfe/shuld haue chyldren so many
Here in this towne/whyle her husband shuld be
Beyond the se/in a farre contree

Jhan. **C**Now in good soth / this is a wonderous myracle

But for your labour/ I wolde that your tacle
Were in a skaldyng Water Well sod

Tryb. **C**Peace I say/ thou settest the worde of god

spy. J. **A**n other myracle eke I shall you say
Of a woman/ whiche that many a day
Had ben wedded/ and in all that season
She had no chyldre/ nother doughter nor son
Wherfore to saynt Modwin she went on pilgrimage
And offered there a spue pyg/ as is the vsage
Of the wyues that in London dwell
And through the vertue therof/ truly to tell
Within a moneth after ryght shortly
She was deliuered of a chyldre as moche as I
God say you/ is not this myracle monderous

Jhan. **C**yes in good soth spy/ it is maruelous
But surely after myn oppnyon
That chyldre was nother doughter nor son
for certaynly/ and I be not begyde
She was deliuered of a lmaue chyldre

Tryb. **C**Peace I say for godde passyon
Thou settest spy Johans communication

spy. J. **T**he thyrde myracle also is this
I knewe a nother woman eke pyws
Whiche was wedded/ & within .v. monthis after
She was deliuered of a fayre doughter
As well formed in euery membre & ioynt
And as pyfte in euery popnt
As though she had gone .v. monthis full to thende
So here is .v. monthis of aduantage

Jhan. **A** wonderous myracle so god me wende
I wolde eche wyfe that is bounde in maryage
And that is wedded here within this place
Myght haue as quicke spede in euery suche case

Tryb. **C**forsoth spy Johan/ yet for all that
I haue sene the day that pus my cat
Dath had in a pere bytlyngs ryghtene

Jhan. **C**ye tryb my wyfe/ and that haue I sene
But howe say you spy Jhan/ was it good your pye
The dyuell the moysell/ that therof ate I
By the good lord this is a pyteous warke
But nowe I se well the olde prouerbe is treu
The paryshe prest forgetteth y euer he was clerke
But spy Jhan doth not remembre you
God I was your clerke/ & holpe you masse to syng

And hylde the basyn alway at the offering
 Ye neuer had halfe so good a clarke as I
 But not withstankyng all this now we our pye
 Is eaten vp/there is not lefte a bryt
 And you two together there do syt
 Eatynge and drynkynge at your owne desyre
 And I am Johan Ihan/ which must stode by þe fyre
 Chasyng the waxe/and dare none other wyse do
 Spr. J. And shall we alway syt here styll we two
 y were to mych. T. Then ryse we out of this place
 Spr. J. And lye me than in the stede of grace
 And face well leman and my loue so deere
 Ihan. Cokke bodp this waxe it waxte colde agayn here
 But what shall I anone go to bed
 And eate nothyng nother meate nor brede
 I haue not be wont to haue suche face
 Tpb. Why were ye not serued there as ye are
 Chasyng the waxe/standynge by the fyre
 Ihan. Why what mete gaue ye me/I your euyse
 Spr. J. Wast thou not serued/I pray the hartely
 Both with the brede/the ale/and the pye
 Ihan. No spr. J. had none of that face
 Tpb. Why were ye not serued there as ye are
 Standynge by the fyre chasyng the waxe
 Ihan. Lo here be many tryfles and knakke
 By bokke soule they wene I am other dyche or mad
 Tpb. And had ye no meate Johan Johan no had
 Ihan. No tpb my wyse/I had not a whyt
 Tpb. What not a morsell. J. No not one bryt
 for hunger I trove I shall fall in a soone
 Spr. J. O that were pye/I were by my crosse
 Tpb. But is it trewe. J. Ye for a surete
 Tpb. Dost thou sy. J. No so mote I the
 Tpb. Hast thou had nothyng. J. No not a bryt
 Tpb. Hast thou not dronke. J. No not a whyte
 Tpb. Where wast thou. J. By the fyre I dyd stande
 Tpb. What dydest. J. I chased this waxe in my hande
 Where as I kne we of wedded men the payne
 That they haue/and yet dare not complayne
 for the smoke/put out my eyes I do
 I burned my face/and rayde my clothes also
 Wending the paynt/whiche is so rotten and vnde
 That it wyll not shant together holde
 And syth it is so/and syns that ye I wayn

Wold geue me no meate/for my suffisaunce
By hokke soule I wyll take no lenger payn
Ye shall do all your self/With a very vengance,
for me/and take thou there thy payle now
And yf thou canst mend it let me se how

Tryb. **C**A horson knaue hast thou brok my payll
Thou shalt repent/by hokke spilly payll
Rech me my dystaf/or my clpppyng shere
I shall make the blood runne about his ere

Jhan. **C**May stand styll drab/I say and come no nere
for by hokkes blood/yf thou come here
Or yf thou onys sty/to ward this place
I shall throw this shouyll full of colys in thy face

Tryb. **C**Ye horson dryupll/get the out of my doore

Jhan. **C**May get thy out of my house/thou preest hore

Tryb. **C**Thou speest horson kokold/eurn to thy face

Jhan. **C**And thou speest ppyd preest/With an eynll grace

Tryb. **C**And y speest. **J.** **C**a y speest **Tryb.** **C**a y speest agayn

Jhan. **C**By hokkes soule horson preest/thou shalt be slayn

Thou hast eate our ppe/and geue me nonght

By hokkes blod it shalbe full deere bought

Tryb. **C**At hym **Tryb.** Johan/or els god geue the sorow

Jhan. **C**a haue at your hore a thefe/sapnt george to boro

CDece they fyght by the erres a whyple a than
the preest and the wyse go out of the place.

Jhan. **C**A spys I haue payd some of them euen as I lyst

They haue borne/manys a blod with my spys

I thank god/I haue washyd them well

And dryuen them hens/but yet can ye tell

Whether they be go/for by god I free me

That they be gon together he and she

Unto his chamber/and perchappys she wyll

Hypte of my hart/tary there styll

And peradventure/there he and she

Wyll make me cokold/eurn to anger me

And then had I a ppg/in the wopys panyer

Therefore by god/I wyll hys me thyder

To se yf they do me any dylany

And thus fare well this noble company.

Cfinis.

CImpryntyd by Wylliam Bastell the .xii. day of
february the yere of our lord. M.cccc.and. xxviii.

CCum priuilegio.

CAT

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